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Selected Poetry.

The following poetry, though out of season and selected by mistake, is too good to be lost!

The Voice of Autumn.

BY W. C. HENRY.

There comes, from yonder height,
A soft rejoicing sound,
Where forest leaves are bright
And fall like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That lightly flutters on,
Just skims the woody loss,
Just stirs the growing trees,
And is gone.

He means by early break,
And visits with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look
From out their sunny nook
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.

And wanders now to make
That soft, uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No bowers where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay,
For fair interludes tell
He sweeps the upland swell
And away.

Mourne't thou thy homeless wander!
Oh, soft, rejoicing wind!
That only seek'st and later
Thy rest, in thy fate
Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the east or west—
The wind that stops the rest
Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou should'st grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

On earth to man there is but one
His heart can love—his soul can own,
Though myriads live before his view,
There is but one to whom he's true—
That one can away him to and fro,
Can make him drain the cup of woe,
Can give him joy, or blast his life;
And that one's name is simply wife.

But in that name a world is spread,
A world by all beloved, revered,
Who have the power to know its worth,
And spare the guilty joys of earth;
For that full heart in her dear breast—
If rightly prized—eternal rest
Is not with blissful sweets more rare,
Than that pure heart—a loving wife.

A Good Story.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

"Oh, dear!"
If you could have heard the tone
In which this was spoken by Miss Grisel,
She had just come in from a walk to the
parlor, where her cousin, brother, and
sister were sitting. They all looked up
at her energetic exclamation.

"What is the matter?" said Conway,
trying to imitate her tones.

"It's an awful day—I think it's an
awful day!" continued Grisel.

"There," said Conway, turning to
cousin Gene, "I never saw such a girl as
our Grisel. If every thing doesn't suit
her, why, 'tis awful. It's always either
horribly cold, or horribly warm, or
'shockingly foggy.' She lives in the
superlative degree from morning to night."

"Well, now, Gene, isn't it provoking?
Just look at my new gaiters, boots, and
my clean stockings and pantaloons, all
spashed with mud; and when I take
my sandals off, there'll be a great mark
all around. Well, the boots are ruined.
I never feel as if they are nice after they
have once been so muddy. And my
feathers are all spoiled, too, I suppose.
I could hear them go floppy-dop, floppy-
dop, half the way home. Do see, Gene,
do you suppose they will ever come
out right again?"

Gene took the pretty blue bonnet in
her hand, and stroked the feathers and
smoothed the ribbon; but they both drooped
in a very melancholy way, and poor
Grisel looked as melancholy as they.

"Trip, trip, trip," said Conway, with
a mischievous grin.

"Don't you wish you had done as Gene
wished you, and worn your straw bonnet?
Then you wouldn't have spoiled this,"
she asked.

"Oh, no!" said Conway. "Grisel
would wear her blue bonnet if it rained
guns. Isn't Miss Thirteen fit for
feathers, and saucers, and a bunnet?"

"Do stop," said Grisel, pettishly. "I
can't bear to hear people make such
simplifications of themselves. After a thing is
spoiled, what's the use of saying, if you
had done so and so it wouldn't have been
so? If Eve hadn't eaten the apple, we
shouldn't have had bonnets to spoil—
How could I know it was going to rain?
I am sure the sun was out bright when I
dressed; wasn't it, Gene?"

"Yes, dear, only it had been raining
all the morning, and in such days as this,
you know, I told you the sun will very
often be shining one hour, and it will be
raining fast the next."

"And," said Conway, "you know it
was wet, and you ought to have worn
your rubber boots instead of those little
sandals. What good can they do you
when you are ankle-deep in mud?"

"Do you think that I would be seen
calling at Madame Grifoul's with a pair
of clumsy rubber boots? I am sure I
hate them with enough at any time. But
of all things to make odds in them!"

"I fancy you would have had to make
odds in them if mamma had been at
home, or else you wouldn't have made
calls at all."

"O, come, children," said Gene, "don't
make a bad matter worse. Run and
change your clothes, Grisel, and then
we'll have a right, pleasant evening, if it
is such an awful day."

"How vain Grisel is," said Conway,
after she had gone.

"She resembles her elder brother in
that respect," answered Gene.

"Me? I'm not vain, I'm sure. No-
body ever accused me of being vain—
Mamma often says she wishes I had a
little more pride, to keep myself looking
nice. She says she is quite ashamed of
me when we have visitors."

"And you are amply repaid for it by
hearing her say to her visitors, 'Conway
is all study. If he gets a book, he does
not know whether his hair is combed or
not.' And the visitor replies, 'Oh, that
is a good fault. We all know that he is
a fine scholar, and so don't mind if he
does not look as tidy as some boys do.'"

Conway blushed and laughed, and Gene
said pleasantly:

"Isn't it a little bit so, now?"

"Well, yes," said he, frankly. "I think
it is; but I am sure it is not half so bad
to be proud of being a good scholar as it
is of wearing feathers and silk."

"What's that about feathers and silk?"
said Grisel, entering.

"No, no," cried Conway. "Take care—
Gene here says that I am as vain as you.
What say you to that?"

"I always thought so, for my part,"
answered Grisel.

"Don't believe you ever thought of it
before in your life."

"Well, if I had, I should have thought
so; but you have always been 'digging'
at me so about my own vanity, that I
never had a chance to examine you—
Gene, I am glad you have carried the
war into the camp."

"And but you see my vanity is a great
deal better kind than yours. That makes
all the difference in the world."

"No," said Gene, "I did not say so,
and I do not think so."

"What! You think it is just as fool-
ish to try to be a good scholar, as to wear
feathers in a bonnet?"

"Not at all. But it is just as foolish to
be proud of being a good scholar as to be
vain of dress."

"I don't think so; because if you are
a good scholar, it is something you do
yourself, and there is some merit in it—
But there is no merit in wearing a particu-
lar kind of dress. You don't make it;
you don't have anything to do with it;
but wear it, and it seems so perfectly al-
to be proud of that."

"And to be a good scholar, you must
have a mind, which God has given you.
You must have books and teachers, which
your parents give. All you have to do,
is to improve what you have given you.
If you do not do this, it is wicked; and
if you do this, it seems so 'perfectly al-
to be proud of it.' Grisel has as much
to do with her clothes as you have with
your opportunities. It is not wrong for
her to take pleasure in them more than
for you to take pleasure in your studies.
It is just as right for her to like a pretty
bonnet better than an ugly one, as it is
for you to like Latin better than French."

"Then you think I did right to wear
my blue bonnet this afternoon?" said
Grisel, looking a little surprised.

"No, I do not. Nor do I think it
would be right for Conway to refuse to
study French because he does not like it.
Our tastes are to be gratified only so far
as they do not conflict with God's will,
but tend to glorify him."

"Cousin Gene, you always were so odd.
I should like to know what God can care
about my dress, or Conway's studying
French. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"St. Paul heard of it, my dear, and
talked of it. Do you not remember, he
says, 'whether ye eat or drink, or what-
soever ye do, do all to the glory of God?'"

"Yes; but I never supposed he meant
actual eating and drinking."

"I think he did; but you may judge
for yourself. Which do you really think
would have pleased your mother—the
dress you wore this afternoon, or your
school bonnet and rubbers?"

"I suppose, the old ones."

"And is it not the will of God that
you should obey your parents in all
things?"

"Yes; only that was not disobedience,
you know. Mamma did not tell me,
'No, not exactly; but if, when you
were dressing, you had thought, 'now I
must very much to wear my best bonnet,
but I know mamma would think it more
proper and safe to wear the other, still
she has not said I must never wear it ex-
cept when it is pleasant; for that matter,
it is pleasant now, and I am going to
Madame Grifoul's, and I am sure I wish
to be as nice as possible; but cousin Gene
thinks I would better not, and mamma
wishes me to obey Gene while she is gone,
and God will be pleased if I do what I
think mamma wishes. It is certainly not
wrong to wear the old bonnet, and it may
be wrong to wear the best one; so I will

wear it." Would not that be doing
right?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And to do right is to glorify God—
So in all your behavior you have occasion
to show that you are trying to be a true
Christian—to love and please God. If
there is something on the table of which
you are particularly fond, you could re-
frain from eating it, because you know
your mother thinks it is not wholesome
for you. If it rains when you wish sun-
shine, you must not be impatient, and
say it is 'an awful day,' but remember
that would be finding fault with God,
and—"

"Oh, Gene, I did not mean to find
fault with God!"

"No, dear, but it sounded very much
as if you did. I would always try to
avoid even the appearance of evil, and not
repeat any idle words—such as 'awful,'
'horrible,' &c.—to which you attach no
meaning."

"But you must say something, Gene,
and what can you say?"

"No must about it. If it rains, say
so. If a flower is pretty, it is pretty—
There is no need of so many expletives."

"At all events," said Grisel, rising, as
the tea-bell rang, "I'm glad you think
Conway vain as well as I. That is one
comfort. Not a malicious glad, you
know, but a kind of good-natured one."

"Just you stop, Miss," said Conway,
flipping her ear.

Gene smiled, and they sat down to tea.

Miscellany.

A Few Words on Banking.

Mr. Editor:—All ideas pertaining to
the subject of banking and finance are
just now unusually interesting. I have
concluded to arrange a few thoughts up-
on the subject, for the consideration of
those who are desirous of enjoying the
commercial benefits arising from a paper
circulation, and at the same time discard
all the objectionable features commonly
incident to a paper medium. Suppose
the Legislature of Ohio enact a general
banking law, declaring the banking cap-
ital of the State unlimited in amount and
uncontrolled in location, and that each
and every association of men, not less
than five, who see proper to embark in the
business of banking, be declared a body
corporate, with power to issue bills under
such name as they may assume, without
restraint or limitation, except only on the
conditions following, to-wit: That all
bills which are to be issued as money by
any and all banking associations of the
State be struck, numbered and regis-
tered by the State of Ohio, through its
officer or agent, and that said bills be
delivered to any and all banking
associations in such denominations as
they shall desire, and that every dollar so
delivered by the State, to the banking as-
sociations aforesaid, for signature and
circulation, be first secured by depositing
with the State, its officer or agent, dollar
for dollar of the stocks of the State of
Ohio or of the United States, to be re-
tained as a collateral for the safety of the
circulation, and that for the ultimate
redemption by any and all banking as-
sociations of the State be redeemed on pre-
sentation and demand at the counter of
said banks respectively in coin, or upon
fidelity thereof, to be redeemed by the
State with the stocks originally deposited
as a basis for said notes, and that all bills
so redeemed be canceled forthwith.

What, Mr. Editor, would be the benefits
arising to the people of Ohio by adopting
a system of banking on the principles
above set forth, after they had been put
in proper shape, and matured by the de-
liberations of the united wisdom and ex-
perience of a body of intelligent and
honest men, such as our Legislature is,
or at least, should be? First, it would
receive and retain the implicit confidence
of the people. Every one who had a
dollar in his pocket, would not merely
feel as though he had the promise of A.
B. & Co., to pay him a dollar in gold on
demand, but that the great State of Ohio
was his debtor, that while that dollar re-
mained in his pocket, a corresponding
amount in the stocks of the State remained
pledged in the hands of the State for his
redemption and the State being keeper or
custodian of said collateral it was safe
beyond peradventure. How could arise
distrust or panic under such a state of
affairs? Again, the banks not being re-
quired to keep a specific amount of spe-
cie on hand to meet demands and comply
with the terms of their charters, their
value would decrease, exchange would be
compensatively unknown, and gold and
silver would thus naturally flow in the
ordinary channels of trade and business.

Very truly, believe the adoption of a
system of banking on the above basis
throughout the country would speedily
eliminate that numerous and justly ob-
noxious class of money reformers known
as the "circulating medium," a thing much to be
desired. The banks could, as without
fail, all their own means at all times, and
thus prevent the substitution of foreign
paper for our own, a thing also much de-
sired. For a presentation of notes and
demand for coin, if not met by the
bank, would lead to an exchange of said
notes for the stocks originally pledged for
their redemption and a consequent can-
cellation of said notes, and thus a dimi-
nution of a sound and safe circulating
medium; a thing which no man seeks or

desires, and which no man will do for
there is no reward for his pains. When
he is done redeeming his notes he is just
where he began; for if the stocks are
worth coin, which is the supposition, the
bank notes, which according to the above
theory, are in fact only stocks in a
more appropriate and convenient form are
worth their face anywhere equally with
the stocks.

How many backs to-day under the old
fogy system, have on hand plenty of their
own paper, which if thrown out, would
relieve the pressure much, yet can not
accommodate a customer however solvent,
because of the panic, for fear of a run for
coin? How easy to cure this difficulty
which has had its periodical returns since
we have been a people. In conclusion
I will say one thing: that the stocks upon
which we base our circulation fluctuate in
value and are not consequently reliable
as a collateral? We admit they do fluctu-
ate, but said fluctuations never arise
from a want of confidence in the securi-
ties themselves, but from the prevalence
of an elastic and unguarded system of
banking, with its wild expansions and ru-
morous contractions, thereby causing fluc-
tuations in the value of things otherwise
intrinsically permanent. Whoever seri-
ously thought that Ohio or the United
States would not pay all their indebted-
ness, both principal and interest, at ma-
turity. Can it be said that this plan is
one-sided, that while it protects the bill
holder and furnishes a safe, sound and
uniform currency, it affords no profit to the
banker? We believe the interest accruing
on the bonds as collaterals, and payable
semi-annually, together with the interest
on notes discounted, would afford a rea-
sonable and fair remuneration. Let a
system of banking become general, em-
bracing the features, and we feel sanguine
that we shall have all the advantages of a
paper money without risk, uniformity in
prices and values, general thrift and
prosperity in all our borders, and that the
word panic as pertaining to money matters
will become obsolete, and that no person
now living will ever see the day when the
bonds of Ohio will not command a
handsome premium.

Respectfully, &c.,
H. HUBER.

Periodical Literature.

The New York Excelsior thus defines
Periodical Literature:

"It is a type of many of the most beau-
tiful things and events in nature; or, say,
rather, that they are types of it, both the
flowers and the stars. As to flowers, they
are the prettiest periodicals ever published
in folio; the leaves are wire-worms and
hot-pressed by Nature's self; their circula-
tion is wide over all the land; from castle
to cottage they are regularly taken in;
as old age bends over them, their breath is
renewed; and you see childhood poring
over them, pressed close to its very bosom."

The flowers are the periodicals of the
earth, the stars are those of heaven. Yes,
the great periodical press of heaven is un-
ceasingly at work, night and day; and
though even it has been taxed, and its
emanations confined, still their circulation
is localizable; nor have we yet heard
that judges intend instituting any pros-
ecution against it. It is yet free, the only
free power left over the world. 'Tis in-
cluded like the air we breathe; if we have
it, we die!

Look, then, at all our paper periodicals
with pleasure, for the sake of the flowers
and the stars. Suppose them all extinct,
and life would be like a flowerless earth,
a barren heaven. We should soon forget
the seasons themselves, the days of the
week, the weeks of the month and the
months of the year, and the years of the
century, and the centuries of all time, and
all time itself flowing away on to sterility.
The periodicals of external nature
would soon all lose their meaning, were
there no longer any periodicals of the
soul. These are the lights and shadows
of life; merrily dancing or gravely steal-
ing over the dial; remembrances of the
past, teachers of the present, prophets of
the future hours. We should suspect
him of a bad, black heart, who loved not
the periodical literature of earth and sky,
who would not weep to see one of its
flowers wither, one of its stars fall, one
beauty to die on its humble bed, one glo-
ry drop from its lofty sphere.

Who is Afraid of a Lion?—Dr. Liv-
ington says, when the breeding impulse
is upon these animals, and a man happens
to pass to windward of them, both lion
and lioness will rush at him; but under
ordinary circumstances the lion is a cow-
ardly animal, and never attacks a man ex-
cept stealthily, unless wounded. A very
curious peculiarity about him is, that at
the very last he will not make an attack
where he sees anything to produce the
suspicion of a trap. A lion belonging
to Captain Codrington ran away, but was
stopped by the bridge catching a stump.
He remained a prisoner during two days,
and when he was found the whole space
around was marked by the footprints of
lions, which had evidently been afraid to
attack the lioned horse from the fear
that the whole thing was a snare. It is
a common belief (says Dr. L.) that the
lion when he has once tasted human flesh,
prefers it to any other, but the real state
of the case is that a man eater is always
an old lion, who has grown too infirm to
catch game; he resorts to villages for the
sake of the goats, and if a woman or child
happens to go out they fall a prey too.
This being his only source of subsistence,
he of course continues it until the villa-
gers dispatch him—a work of little diffi-
culty.

Our "devil," says a country pa-
por, wants to know how many "shots"
there are in a "token" of love?

Odds and Ends.

The other day a gentleman, at one
of our hotels, was introduced to a stran-
ger whose name was All Corn. The
stranger's skin was pretty well stuffed
and rather shiny, and the others he ex-
changed were not of the fabulous kind, said
to be waited from the spiny shores of
"Araby the Blest." After a while our
friend took the introducer aside and whis-
peringly inquired:

"I say, Jack, hasn't your friend been
distilled?"

"Why," innocently rejoined the other.
"Because," said he, "you called your
friend All Corn, and I'll be shot if he
isn't all whisky, now."

Here is a list, not exactly or-
thodox: From tailor's bills, Doctor's
western chills, And other ills, Deliver us.
From squeaking doors, A wife who
snores, "Confounded bones," And dry
goods stores, Protect us. To modest
girls, With waving curls, And mounds
of pearls, Deliver us.

My friend, said a philanthropic
gentleman to a chap who was wandering
unsteady and betrayed "ardent" fami-
liarity with the "spirits." "I thought
you were a Son of Temperance." "Mis-
take," hiccupped Toodles, steadying
himself for the reply. "No relation
whatsoever—not a bit—not even
"quainted, sir."

At the Republican Jubilee at
Wesley, Mr. Millan gave the following
toast:

"BURNS, MILLER AND PENDELTON.—
When the people get at them, they will
root Burns, grind Miller, and sting Pen-
delton."

A newly married couple riding in
a chaise were unfortunately overturned.
A man came to their assistance, and ob-
served that it was a very shocking sight.
"Very shocking, indeed," responded the
gentleman, "to see a new married couple
fall out so soon."

Dr. Ray, Superintendent of the
Butler Hospital for the insane, in his re-
port says: "A hearty laugh is more de-
sirable for mental health than any ex-
ercise of the reasoning faculties."

The following notice appears on a
country meeting-house: "Any person
sticking bills against this church will be
prosecuted according to law or any other
nuisance."

Why are pen-makers the most dis-
tressed persons in the world? Answer—
Because they make people steel pens and
then say they do write.

Who is the best man in Congress
to place upon an smelting committee?
Answer—Pugh.

A dandy on board a steamboat
lately stood by and saw a young lady fall
off the deck without offering to assist her.
On being asked for an explanation:

"I was waiting," says Poodle, "for an
introduction."

A clergyman was rebuked by a
brother of the cloth, a few days ago, for
smoking.

The smoker replied that he used the
weed "in moderation."

"What do you call moderation?" in-
quired the other.

"Why, sir," replied the smoker, "one
cigar at a time."

Conclusion of a Six Day's Sulk.—
(Scene—Outside the house a cat is heard
to mew.)

Husband to the dear one of his bosom
"Did you speak, dear?"

"Yes, I spoke, and I spoke of the
domestic atmosphere."

"Look here, ma," said a young
lady just commencing to take lessons in
painting: "can you tell me what this
is?"

Ma, after looking at it some time, an-
swered, "Well, it is either a cow or a
roebuck—I'm sure I can't tell which."

A bare pasture enriches not the
soil, nor fattens the animals, nor in-
creases the wealth of the owner.

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